

After an *antiquary's* histo/y, you might be allowed to congratulate yourself on not having fallen under the spell which confines a human soul to inhabit, like a spider in one of the corners, a dusty room, consecrated with religious solemnity to old coins, rusty knives, illuminated mass books, swords and spurs of forgotten kings, and slippers of their queens ; with perhaps a Roman helmet, the acquisition of which was the first cause of the collection and of the passion, elevated imperially over the relics of kings and queens and the whole museum, as the eagle was once in "proud eminence" over subjugated kingdoms. And you might be inclined to say, I wish that helmet had been a pan for charcoal, or had been put on the head of one of the quiet equestrian warriors in the Tower, or had aided the rattlings of Sir Godfrey, haunting the baron's castle where he was murdered, or had been worn by Don Quixote, instead of the barber's basin, or had been the cauldron of Macbeth's witches, or had been in any other shape, place, or use, rather than dug up an antiquity, in a luckless hour, in a bank near your garden.

I compassionate you, would, in a *very* benevolent hour, be your language to the wealthy unfeeling *tyrant of a family and a neighbourhood*, who seeks, in the overawed timidity and unretaliated injuries of the unfortunate beings within his power, the gratification that should have been sought in their happiness. Unless you had brought into the world some extraordinary refractoriness, to the influence of evil, the process that you have undergone could not fail of being efficacious. If your parents idolized their own importance in their son so much, that they never themselves opposed your inclinations, nor permitted it to be done by any subject to their authority; if the humble companion, sometimes summoned to the honour of amusing you, bore your caprices and insolence with the meekness without which he had lost his privilege; if you could despoil the garden of some harmless dependent neighbour of the carefully-reared flowers, and torment his little dog or cat, without his daring to punish you or to appeal to your infatuated parents ; if aged men addressed you in a submissive tone, and with the appellation of "Sir," and their aged wives uttered their wonder at your cendescension, and pushed their grandchildren away from around the fire for your sake, if you happened, though with